

# *Sketch*

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## Horsemen

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That the whole universe became the orchestra;  
And the universe swept upward on the soaring strings,  
Quivering in the ecstasy of passion.  
Then hollow-voiced the wood winds trilled their hopes;  
The stern and silver blast heroics echoed in reply;  
And throughout in joyous overflow of song  
Streamed the nostalgic cadenzas, the unforgettable melodies,  
As Beethoven reared his mighty forehead once again.

And all at once in a tranquil night of indigo-black  
I found her in my arms,  
In my arms so easily and naturally  
That I didn't pause to wonder why,  
For we were standing on a grass-fresh terrace  
While high in the east over oak-studded hills  
Rose the orb-faced moon threading a mackerel sky.  
And up the mist-valleys floated the welling sob of a muted violin  
Winging in eager transport  
A melody born out of the slippered night  
As we strolled along the infinite path of the vow-webbed kiss.

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## Horsemen

*Frances Foster*

Chem. T. Jr.

Deep in mud, we watched the hill,  
Saw Them starting by,  
Horsemen riding stiff and still,  
Black against the sky.

Black against the sky They ride  
Black as Night and Death.  
Blacker still the thought They hide  
Under whistling breath.

Hungry yet to drink Their fill,  
Craving wine of Mars.  
Horsemen riding stiff and still . . .  
Blotting out the stars.